

SICK PUPPY

No. 5
\$2.00

COMIX

V=||A-



SICK PUPPY COMIX #5

"Cultural terrorism should be a goal of all people with a good sense of humour. Remember, bad taste is a terrible thing to waste."

- JOHN WATERS



'MUTILATED FIDO HEAD NAILED TO POST' SIDE...

cover by RYAN VELLA

page 2...RIGHT HERE, SICKOID!!

page 3-7...'DWEBB WEED BECAME EMPOWERED' by STEVE CARTER & ANTOINETTE RYDYR

page 8-9...'LITTLE DICKEYES' by ORD

page 10-11...'MISTRESS CLAUDIA in...MISTRESS CLAUDIA'S FIRST DAY' by MISS JULIA O'TOOLE

page 12-13...'RADIATION SICKNESS' by ROSS TESORIERO

page 14...'THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD' by NEALE BLANDEN

page 15...'FARTSACK AND LARDGUTZ' by STEVE CARTER & ANTOINETTE RYDYR

page 16...'THE MODERN KILLER' by STRATU

page 17-18...'THE SICK PUPPY HI-FI' - reviews by STRATU

page 19...'SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW, SOMETHING BORROWED, SOMETHING BLUE' -

reviews by MANNHEIM JERKOFF

page 20...'VIDEO FRENZY' - reviews by LORD MORGUE

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IT WAS A CHRISTMAS OFFICE PARTY TO END ALL CHRISTMAS OFFICE PARTIES. IT WAS THE DAY THAT...

DWEEB WEED BECAME EMPOWERED!

THIS CRAP MIGHT
TASTE LIKE RAT'S
BLOOD BUT IT'S
GETTIN' ME RITE
WHERE I WANNA
BE FOR NOW...

THERE'S DWEEB WEED
AGEN. FILLIN' UP ON THA
ALCOHOL, LIKE HE ALWAYS
DOES. GOTTA BE A RAGIN'
ALKY. GOTTA BE...

HAH! HE'S
JUST A
SPINELESS
LITTLE WORM,
THAT'S ALL
HE IS! BET
YA HE ENDS
UP SPEWIN'
IN THA
DUNNY
AGEN, LIKE
HE DID LAST
YEAR...

KRD
ROCKET FUEL

SENDS YA TO THA
MOON EVEN IF YA
LYIN' IN THA GUTTA!

400% PROOF

...GOD I
HATE THESE
PEOPLE.
THEY'RE
SUCH
ARSEHOLES!

C'MON DWEEB
WEED! LEAVE
SUM FER THE
REST OF US!
MAKE ME SUX
YEW DO!







...IS THAT I GOT NOTHING
TO LOSE ANYWAY - SO IF
I'M GONNA COP THE HARD
RAP, MIGHT AS WELL MAKE
THE MOST OF THIS LITTLE
XMAS BASH!

...AN' YOU
KNOW WHAT?
IT FEELS REAL
GOOD...

BETTER'N THAT
LUKE-WARM
RAT POISON
THEY GIVE US
TO DRINK AT
THESE DO'S

... THAT'S
FOR SURE!

JEZUZ! WHO'D
EVER GUESS
THAT THIS GOOF-
SHIT'D BE ONE
PACKIN' A REAL
PILE-DRIVER!

... SEEMS THERE
FINALLY IS SOMETHING
THIS MORON IS GOOD
AT. JUST GOSTO SHOW
-YOU DON'T NEED A
BRAIN FOR EVERYTHING!

©'96
SCAZ

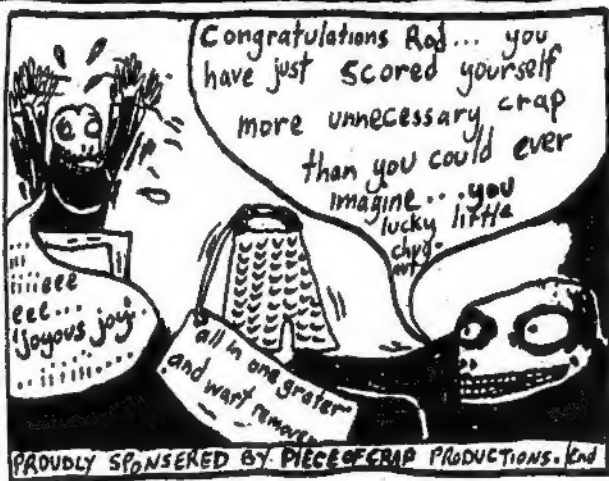
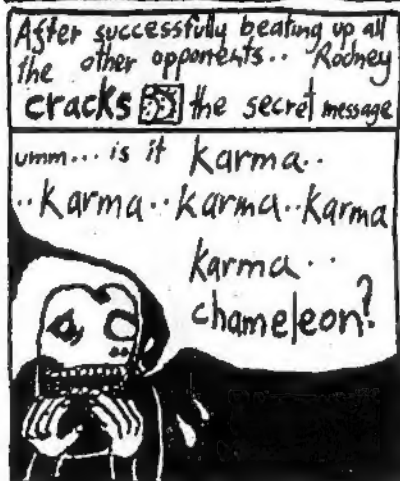
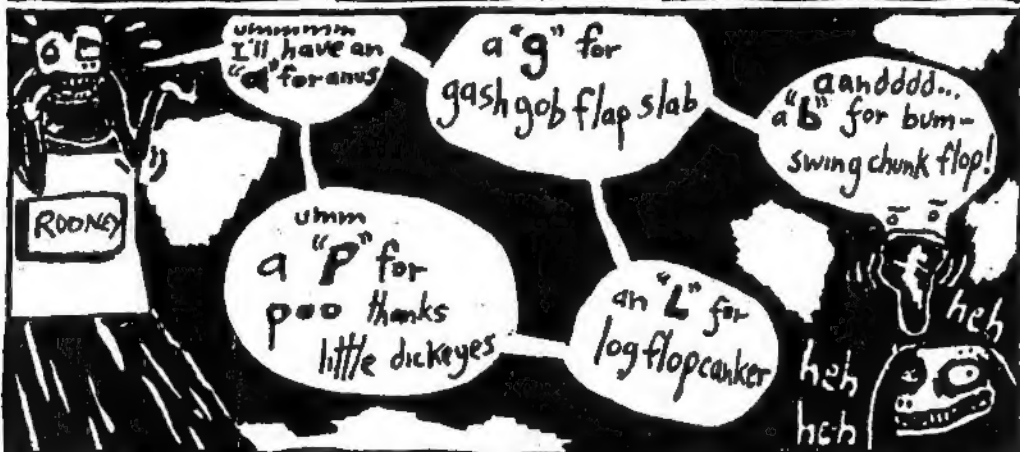
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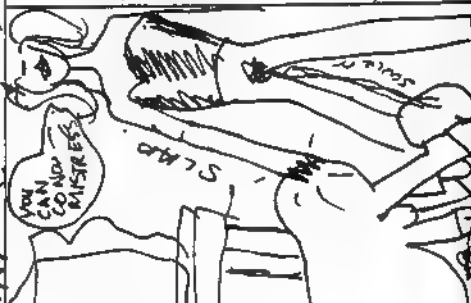
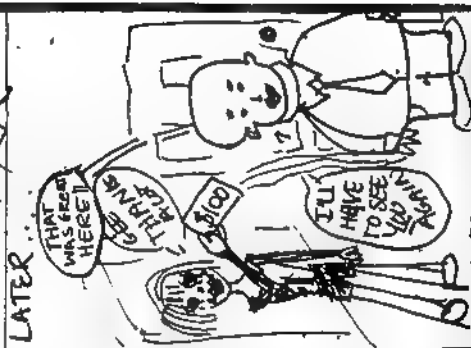
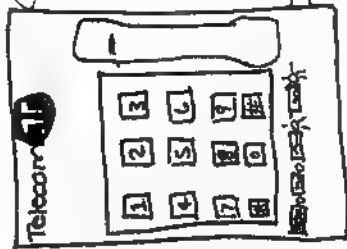
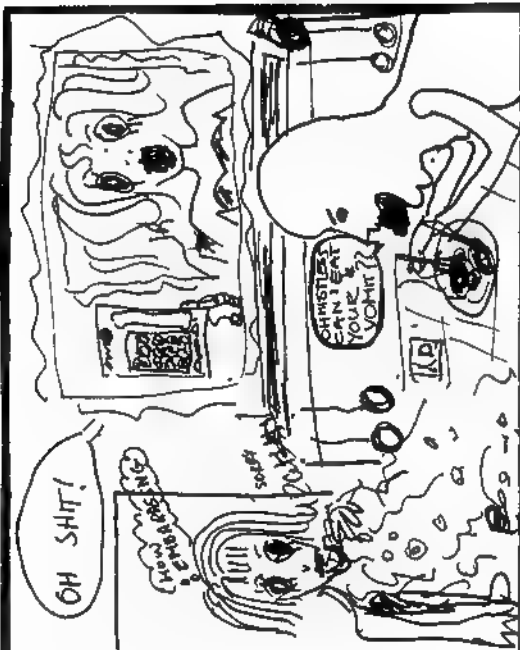
LITTLE DICKEYES



...and a special welcome
to the host of our sponger..
... Little Dickeyes...







RADIATION SICKNESS



ALL THE OTHER PRETTY
GIRLS -- THEY SCREAM
IN TERROR



BUT SHE -- SHE
SCREAMS FOR
PLEASURE

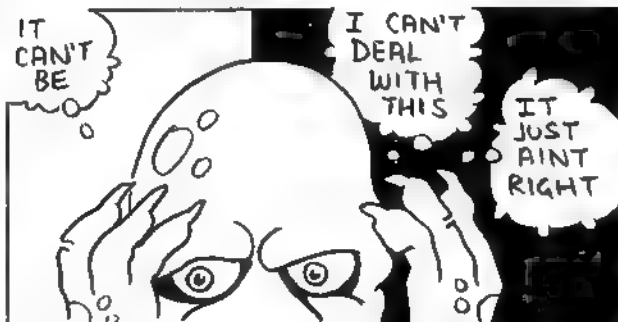


MORE
MORE

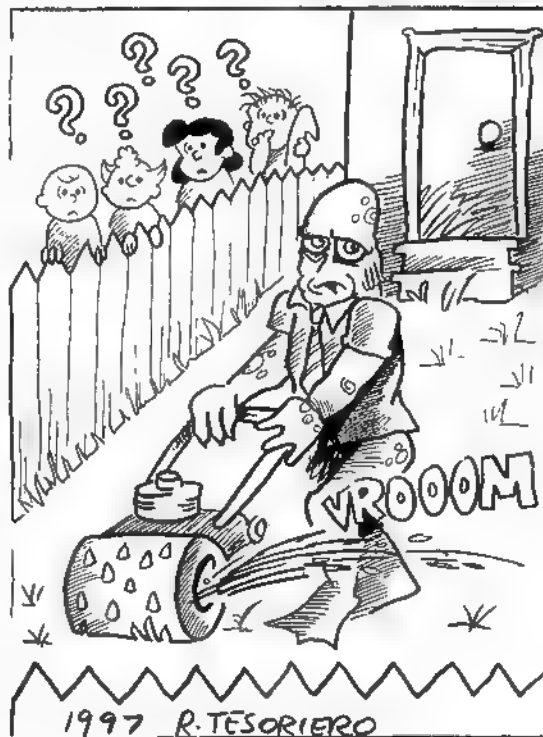
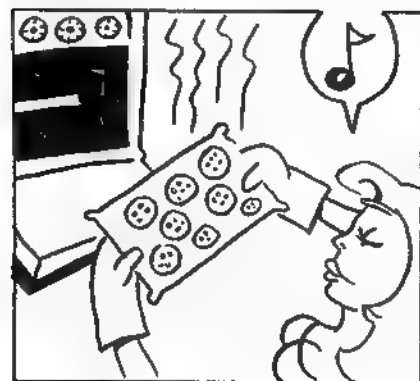
IT
CAN'T
BE

I CAN'T
DEAL
WITH
THIS

IT
JUST
AIN'T
RIGHT



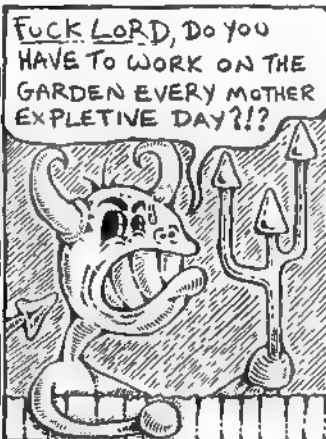
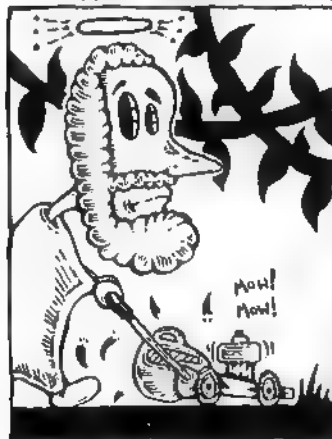
WHAT
WILL
BE-
COME
OF ME



1997 R. TESORIERO

The **GREATEST** story ever told.....

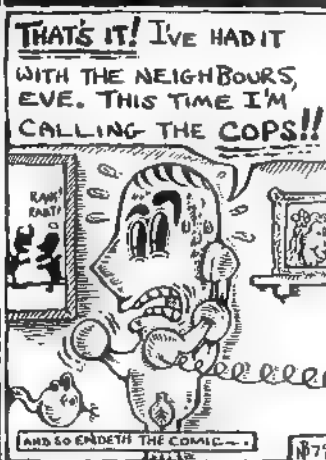
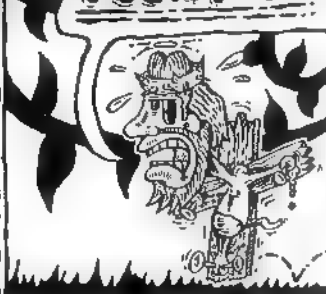
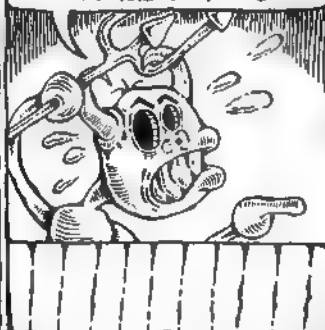
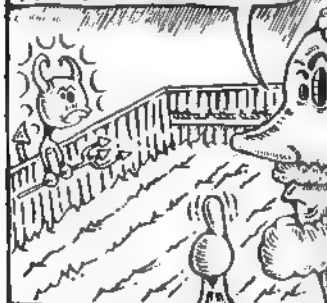
BY PASTOR A. LANDEN



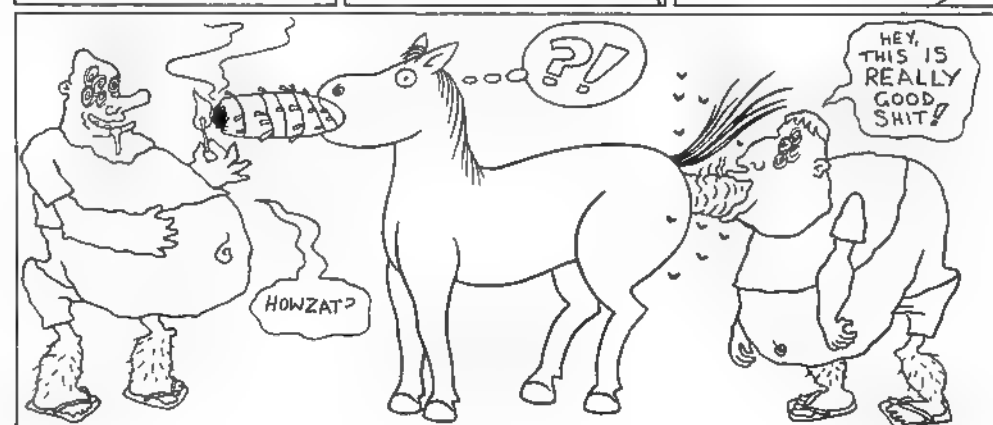
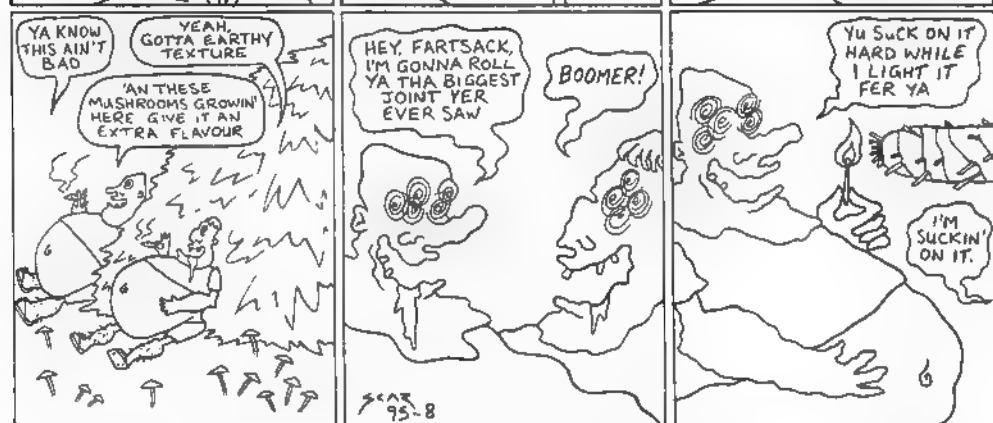
GO BOTHER SOMEONE ELSE! I WORK SIX DAYS A WEEK ON THE GARDEN OF EDEN I DON'T NEED YOUR FIRE AND BRIMSTONE!!

HELP ME! IF IT'S NOT YOU AND YOUR GARDENING, IT'S THE CONSTANT WHINING OF THAT KID OF YOURS....

WELL MY HANDS AND FEET REALLY HURT! SO, **Fuck You!!**



FARTSACK AND LARDGUTZ



So, you think the modern killer
has it easy, huh? Well, you
couldn't be further from the
truth!! in fact our modern killer
is cruelly tortured by inner

Voices!!!

Just kill them,
go on! you'll
be doing them
a favour!!

don't listen
to me!
you know
what to
do!!

you know
you want
to...

you got
nothing to
lose.

you're all alone,
nobody gives a shit
about you. what are
you waiting for?

Come on! you failed at
everything else! here's a
chance to suceed
in something!



the sick puppy hi-fi

reviews by STRATU

A Religious Experience With Big Vern 'All Boy Band'
(Cheese! Records 145 Serpentine Road Erina Heights NSW 2260 Australia)

5 tracks of terminal psycho-weirdness. These guys sure know how to make yr stomach feel funny. I got flashes of death, funk, jazz, metal and hardcore - lotsa fun. The bass almost made toothpicks outta my speakers. All this plus Cheech and Chong samples. Some diabolical mayhem going on here. Two thumbs up, Vern!

Songs About Other Things V/A (Cheese! Records)

Cheese! Records is based on the NSW Central Coast - Australia's suicide capital. (I spent the first 20 years of my life in this notorious region but that's another story...) This spicy compilation features mainly local bands with the exception of one or two from Sydney and Canberra. The diversity of musical styles on offer here guarantees something for all tastes - from the punishing garage punk assault of Ramraid to the industrial noise terror of Toplessandshandy (?!) . From the growling rocket-fuelled acid rock of Dusty Eye to the squalling frenzy of massed guitars perpetrated by Eugene. 15 bands - 15 tracks. A fine, freaked out and fucked-up comp from the Big Cheese.

Anathema 'Eternity' (Peaceville/Shock)

I approached this album the way many people would approach a roadkill - initial repulsion and horror followed by a sick desire to linger and investigate. These Welsh (or English; not exactly sure...) guys create overblown, excessively melodramatic concept metal. (I say 'concept' because included here is a track called Eternity and it has parts I, II and III.) Long, epic songs which incorporate poetry, atmospheric keyboards, tortured histrionic vocal stylings, falling rain sound effects and really long, epic songs...or did I already mention that? If you got into Fields Of The Nephilim you might dig these guys.

Chemlab 'East Side Militia' (Metal Blade/Shock)

Blasting their way out of New York City's Lower East Side, Chemlab stuck a sonic Glock up my left nostril and forced me to pay attention. Some real brainmelting shit here folks - inspired programming, headkicking electro-drums, awesome guitar workouts (even some wah-wah action and demented blues styles), mutant goth/industrial Bowie-esque vocals.

Notable also is the clear, punchy production that really had me gritting my teeth. Chemlab seem to have that futuristic inner-city battlezone soundtrack feel that would be perfect for a Blade Runner type film or even another Toxic Avenger . Yeah, this album is pretty cool.

Milencolin 'For Monkeys' (Burning Heart Records / Shock)

12 tracks of Swedish softcore from 4 Swedish softcocks. I'm not exactly sure which US pussypunk band these guys remind me

of - I've heard this lame-o fluff over and over again and it just makes me want to kick something soft. Hard. They even have the nerve to attempt a form of skapunk which is blander than your mother's kitchen wallpaper. I ripped this cd out of the machine halfway through and stomped on the fucker in pure, nauseated disgust.

Entombed 'To Ride, Shoot Straight And Speak The Truth' (Threeman Recordings / Shock)

Not a death metal band as their name might suggest. In fact Sweden's Entombed jam out their very own bonecrunching brand of blitzkrieg biker metal. Mile high, mile wide guitar riffs scorch across worldshaking basslines while the drummer punctuates and pulverises like a gargantuan, bloodfrenzied viking going apeshit with a couple of tree trunks. As this aural barrage unfolds, the lyrics are delivered with 2 bottles of whiskey, a carton of 50mg tar-infested cigarettes, a big fucking jar of rusty nails and enough bastard attitude to destroy the whole of France. Each song varies in velocity yet each one is equal in intensity. Entombed just seem to find many ways to use a sledgehammer is all.

Channel Zero 'Black Fuel' (Cortex / Shock)

Awesome production values on this album from these Belgian power metallers. The only problem is that they appear to be suffering from an acute identity crisis. Are they Pantera? Are they Soundgarden? Are they Slayer? Don't ask them - they don't know. And don't ask me - I don't care.

Pridebowl 'Where You Put Your Trust' (Cortex / Shock)

I'll admit it - I'm a sucker for this style of melodic emocore. The day I received this album I played it over and over, jumping around my tiny room like a blissed-out, grinning spazz. Pridebowl hail from Sweden (hey, what's with all these Swedish bands?) yet feature a pro-bodyboarding yank on vocal duties. The lyrics are cool - there's even a song that talks of a longing for medieval days with knights in armour, court jesters and their big feasts and drunken bails - 'free living, insanity - the way it used to be'. ahhh...such a beautiful dream, but alas...fast, zippy songs with killer harmonies that stay with you - no duds, bud. What I mean is that I love this album. (note: the Australian release contains 4 bonus tracks)

Balterspace 'Capsul' (Flying Nun / MDS)

Galaxy class space rock from this NZ threepiece now based in NYC. Here they continue with their inclination to title albums after metallic containers of various sizes and uses (Tanker, Thermos...). I hear classic Balterspace, with those basslines that register on the Richter scale; seismograph needle fluctuating wildly. And the guitars; noisy, melodic, layered, distorted, swarming and launching into space like solar flares. Alister Parker's voice still sounds like it's coming from a million miles away or as if heard in a dream, yet on many of the songs here he spits the words out in a violent, passionate display of space madness. Again I am in awe that a three piece band can create such an enormous, powerful and atmospheric sound. If you aren't familiar with this unique groop, Capsul is the perfect introduction point. Go and get it, space ace!

the sick puppy hi-fi

(continued...)

Helmet 'Aftertaste' (Interscope / MCA)

A new Helmet album arrives with the impact of an asteroid and this one is no exception. Helmet are the sonic equivalent of heavy machinery... Caterpillar. Komatsu. Bulldozers. These massive mining trucks with wheels the size of small buildings. These are the images I see when I hear this music. Sumo basslines. Kickdrum spreads like a series of skyscrapers. Guitar acrobatics like swarms of godzilla-sized metallic wasps. Intelligent lyrics, too. Helmet are a steamroller rolling in slow-motion through a Lego village.

Pond 'Rock Collection' (Work / Sony)

My first exposure to Pond was when a girl I was writing to from Portland, Oregon (Pond's hometown whatsamore) sent me a tape which included their first album. Well, I instantly flipped over their unique, emotion-saturated indie rock sound. This is their third album and thankfully they still possess the same qualities that originally attracted me to them, namely, the passionate caught-in-a-dream vocals and the spaced-out, noisy rollercoasting guitar trips. The bass and drums really serve to underpin and support these two key elements. I like to listen to Pond late at night when I'm feeling drunk and melancholy.

Cathedral 'Supernatural Birth Machine' (Earache / Shock)

Ultra-heavy Black Sabbath-style sludgemetal from these English lads crushing you in a mighty, leather-gloved fist and dragging you on an epic journey which includes elements of science fiction, fantasy and over-the-top bludgeoning metallic wizardry. Lee Dorian began in Napalm Death until he found a bold, outrageous calling that we now know to be Cathedral. The packaging is also cool - it comes with a minicomic that features the band summoned to Earth by the high powers that govern existence (Time, Space, Love, Hope and Catalogue Shopping). Together they must prevent heaven's avenging angels annihilating evil on Earth which would create an imbalance - without this eternal tug-of-war reality would shrivel up and die! All hail the return of the concept album!!

Lard 'Pure Chewing Satisfaction' (Alternative

Tentacles / Shock)

Alien Jourgensen, Paul Barker, Bill Rieflin, (the late) Jeff Ward and Jello Biafra reunite to produce album #2 after a six year hiatus since 1990's The Last Temptation of Reid.

The music on this new album is necessarily bombastic, apocalyptic and nightmarish as Jello vigorously vocalises about some of his favourite subjects of ridicule - the US government and armed forces; cops; the war on drugs, the Christian Coalition and the concepts of Freedom, Liberty and Democracy. One especially frightening (visionary?) song (Generation Execute) describes a future where executions are broadcast live on television. Is Jello simply paranoid? Whether he is or he isn't, voices such as his are important in these times of retarded, lowest common

denominator media saturation. The chunky 32 page booklet is a collage of media cuttings, photographs and song lyrics that will keep you absorbed for hours. That is, of course, if your eyeballs don't implode from squinting at the tiny print might be a good idea to pick up this one on vinyl.

Voodoo Glow Skulls 'Baile De Los Locos' (Epitaph / Shock)

These loco psychos come from Riverside - 70 miles east of LA and infamous for it's noxious smog levels, it's hostile sheriffs, it's exploding crystal methamphetamine labs and for the local slaughterhouse and sewage treatment plants. The album title loosely translates as 'Dance of the Crazy People'. Mix together equal parts hardcore thrash, ska and a marachi band loaded to the eyeballs on a dangerous cocktail of bathtub tequila and PCP and zammo! Voodoo Glow Skulls!! They're obviously big wrestling fans - in the booklet each band member is portrayed as a masked Mexican wrestler. These folks would probably be awesome live.

Sadistik Exekution 'K.A.O.S.' (Shock)

Ultrafast, hyperviolent death metal hammered into your soon-to-be-shredded, bleeding, screaming-for-marcy eardrums. Sadistik Exekution are your worst nightmare come true. Seemingly recorded in a factory where blood oozes from stinking walls and multitudes of carcasses hang glistening with gore, dismembered in fantastically gruesome poses, providing endless inspiration for these sick fiends. Zero melody. Maximum brutality. Total and final obliteration of anything even remotely positive.

Welcome to the slaughterhouse, fucker.

Obituary 'Back From The Dead' (Roadrunner / Shock)

11 tracks of powerful, grinding death metal that will have you lusting for the comforting, worm-infested soil of the grave. Brutal sounds of death and decay smash down upon your fragile skull with the force of a thousand pound tombstone. These veteran Florida death merchants have been terrorising the living since 1989's classic 'Slowly we Rot' LP and have inspired many a fledgling death metal band to go forth and spread the word of decomposition.

Indeed, Obituary are death metal pioneers. My only problem with this album is the inclusion of a track that features a couple of rappers who, even though they sound like House Of Pain (who I don't mind as far as rap music goes...), just sound way out of place here. Aside from that, this is another killer slab of death from these morbid fuckers.

Bressa Creeting Cake 'New Album' (Flying Nun / MDS)

Debut release from this genre-defying NZ three piece. They take their name from their surnames - Joel Bressa, Geoff Creeting and Edmund Cake. Headspinning range of styles on offer here, from swinging calypso pop to Superfly-meets-Zappa sleazefunk. Some of the songs remind me of Beck's updated folk direction and there's psychedelic-tinged and progressive rock sounds here too.

Cool, organic recording techniques using old analog and valve equipment give this album that classic 60's feel that will have you tapping your feet and snapping your fingers as you kick back on your favourite velvet beanbag, hepcats.

SOMETHING OLD SOMETHING NEW SOMETHING BORROWED SOMETHING BLUE

reviews by MANNHEIM JERKOFF

Something Old - Fantasia - Yeah. You read right. That old 1940 Disney cartoon. It's a masterpiece and testament to the enduring imagery created by cartoonists who share a passion for their art. If you can suspend your hipper-than-thou cheap cynicism for two hours, then drop a trip and check it out - the colour, the movement and the music are first rate. The working of mood/music, movement/music and imagery/music unfolds to enchant you with engrossing and delightful entertainment. If the level of sophistication, subtlety and old world values are too much for you, drop the acid and go bungee jumping instead.

Something New - The Lost World - Jurassic Park 2 - Since there's no sex in it I won't bore you with details, although underage gorehounds will bar up over some of the dinosaur-chomps-human scenes which depict levels of grisly carnage that lesser budget films couldn't get away with without losing the PG rating. Sadly, though, many deaths occur off-camera. The little black girl possesses ultra-nigger lips and will make a tidy living performing fellatio to support her crack habit when she's a Hollywood has-been (i.e. next year...)

Once again the wily Jew with tag-along spook save the world from disaster as bungling whutey cowers in ineptitude - the usual race propaganda you come to expect from kike-infested Hollywood.

Something Borrowed - Toilet Training - If you can drag your slothful arse away from scavenging free porn pics off the internet, go to the library and borrow a video. They may not have many titles, but what you'll find there, you're unlikely to turn up anywhere else.

Toilet Training - replete with kiddies genitals (bonus cheap thrills for pedos). It's quite fun watching neurotic, wide-eyed infants suffer the indignity of a dutiful guardian monitor their bowel movements while encouraging them to piss with gay abandon through a variety of toilet games.

Did you know that some kids are so fucked up that they forget to pull up their pants? They will grow up to be Sick Puppy readers...

Something Blue - Nightdreams - If you like masturbation (and who doesn't??) then you'll love porn. The golden era for porn was the 1970's to early 80's. Before this, porn was not seedy and wretched enough. It was playful rather than desperately perverted and after the mid 80's (with the advent of video) the cheapness, flatness and blandness dominated the market with mundane drak.

A classic from the golden era is 1981's *Nightdreams* (released in R-rated format as a double feature by Playaround Video). This is a surreal, weirdshit mindfuck. A horny woman is plugged into a device that pushes her libidinous desires to ultimate levels. She moves through various sexual fantasies which include:

- a gang bang with stoned Arabs
 - rape and debasement over a toilet by a grinning harlequin (a common fantasy)
 - lesbian sex with two gorgeous cowgirls
 - sex in hell (as chained slaves shout "Jack her arse!!")
 - sex in heaven and sex with a cereal box and a piece of bread that plays the saxophone and does a strange junkie dance to an uptempo version of Old Man River.
- There's also brief, shocking scenes that have her post-coital with a huge fish in bed and a gargling mannequin with a foetus for a penis. It also features *Wall Of Voodoo* singing a haunting version of *Ring Of Fire*. Sometimes the uncut version shows up in sex shops.



VIDEO FRENZY

reviews by LORD MORGUE

Hello gentle readers. My nom de plume is Lord Morgue and I will be your host for this movie reviews section. These vids may take a bit of tracking down, but anyone capable of finding a minicomic despite the comic store staff's best efforts to hide them should have no trouble with the 'one dollar weekly, please steal these videos' section of the local videotape emporium. On to the reviews!

Max Overdrive

First attempt at direction by horror novelist Stephen King. A passing comet causes every machine on Earth to go postal and start killing humans. Many, many classic moments, such as the kid on a bicycle who gets nailed by a steamroller, the truckstop waitress going berke with heavy ordnance; the Green Goblin truck squoshing the blind guy, and one utterly astonishing shot of a small aeroplane stuck upright in the wreckage of a school bus. All this and Emilio Estevez, Yeardley Smith (the voice of Lisa Simpson), and a soundtrack by AC/DC.

Quotable quote - "Jesus Christ Palomino!"

Horror Express

Spanish project, in English, set on the Trans-Siberian Express with Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee and Telly Savalas in a superior imitation Hammer movie. Features a brain-sucking, body-hopping alien demon, zombies, Cossacks, a mad monk, a haughty countess, classic one-liners, inspired pseudo-science and surprise! a well thought-out script and tight direction. Won a prize for best screenplay and deservedly so.

Quotable quote - "But how do we know you're not the monster?" "Monster? But...we're British!"

The Man From Hong Kong

1970's Chinese-Australian co-production with kung fu/action legend Jimmy Wang Yu as a Hong Kong cop sent to Oz to extradite a particularly nasty Triad thug (played by Jackie Chan's 'Big Brother' Same Hung in an early appearance) but sticks around to take on his boss, played by George Lazenby, the Australian James Bond (anybody remember him from 'On Her Majesty's Secret Service'?). The charismatic Wang Yu somehow manages to combine the wit, charm, sexual acrobatics (!/??...Ed.) and property damage of James Bond with the arcade game body count of Bruce Lee in full "You killed my teacher!" mode. Top-notch action direction from Brian Trenchard-Smith, a cameo from Frank Thring, a Kung Fu slugfest on top of Ayer's Rock and

a climax which utterly totals a skyscraper in the middle of Sydney make for the best seat-of-your-pants rollercoaster ride since Mad Max 2.

Quotable quote - "This country has a small population and he's getting through them pretty bloody quickly!"

Strike of the Panther

Superior sequel to the mind-destroyingly bad 80's Australian martial arts fist-fest 'Day of the Panther'. This one is better for several reasons; one, this is tongue-in-cheek, almost a self-parody; two, Matthew Quartermaine (of the Empty Pockets), the excruciatingly painful comedy relief of the first movie returns, but the big relief is he's playing it straight this time and with surprising success; and last, a dynamite performance from Rowena Wallace (sexy older woman from 80's Oz soap 'Sons and Daughters') as a sort of female Doc Savage / killing machine / supercop. All this plus amusing arcade-game-like plot with lots of ninjas in hockey masks jumping around a big power station and you've got a semi-classic. It's no 'Man From Hong Kong', but it beats the shit out of 'Watch the Shadows Dance'.

They Live

Director 'Scariest Man on Earth' John Carpenter and star 'Hot Red' Rowdy Roddy Piper bring you the ultimate paranoid fantasy. See, aliens have taken over the Earth and the only guy who can see them and their insidious subliminal messages is our hero, with the help of special sunglasses.

Features the longest fistfight in cinema history as Piper attempts to get his friend to put on the glasses. Quote of the decade: "I have come here to kick ass and to chew bubblegum...and I'm all out of bubblegum."

Bloody New Year

Kind of like a British 'Evil Dead', complete with Sam Raimi-like shots of holidayers being pursued by an invisible cocktail party (no, really!). Also has an entire family of psychopathic amusement park ride operators. Beware!



I Have Come Here...



SICK PUPPY

C O M I X

ISSUE NO. FIVE

TWO DOLLARS

SICK PUPPY COMIX #5

"THE SKIN IS PEELED OFF MY DICK
COME WITH A RAZOR BLADE
THE REMAINS TO SUCK
BLOOD AND CUM AMOK
SHE RIPS MY COCK OFF WITH HER TEETH
MASTICATE, GNAWING AND CHEWING THE STUMP
SHE REGURGITATES, I'M COVERED IN MY BLOODY CHUNKS"
- CANNIBAL CORPSE 'ORGASM THROUGH TORTURE'



'PISSSED-OFF DOGBEAST NAILED TO CROSS' SIDE...

cover by STEVE CARTER

page 2...RIGHT HERE, FIEND!!

page 3...'ARTY MONKEY ON MY BACK' by NEALE BLANDEN

page 4-7...'THE LOG CHILDREN' by GERARD ASHWORTH

page 8...'DEATH IS WHAT YOU WANT' by DAVID PUCKERIDGE

page 9-11...'TRAVIS 5' by DAVID LEEFLANG

page 12...'SHIT PETE in...SLIME TIME' by STRATU

page 13...'FARTSACK AND LARDGUTZ' by STEVE CARTER & ANTOINETTE RYDYR

page 14-17...'STRANGER DANGER' by RYAN VELLA

page 18-19...'ERIC, THE CONFUSED SKINHEAD' by CHRIS MIKUL

page 20...'SEXY, MAGGOT-INFESTED GIRL' by RYAN VELLA

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Arty monkey on my Back

Neale
Blenden
©1997

...AND THEN YOU COULD
DRAW A OLD MAN STICKING
A GUINEAPIG DOWN A
PLASTIC PIPE!!



I'M SICK OF THIS! WHY CAN'T
I DRAW NICE THINGS!

SOME MUSE
YOU ARE!



NICE?! WHO WANTS NICE?!

I COULD
DRAW
PUPPIES
AND
KITTENS!



YOU'RE "CUTTING EDGE"
NEALE! YOU'VE GOT TO
SHOCK! AND SHOCK AGAIN!

SUPER HEROES
THAT ACTUALLY
HELP PEOPLE.



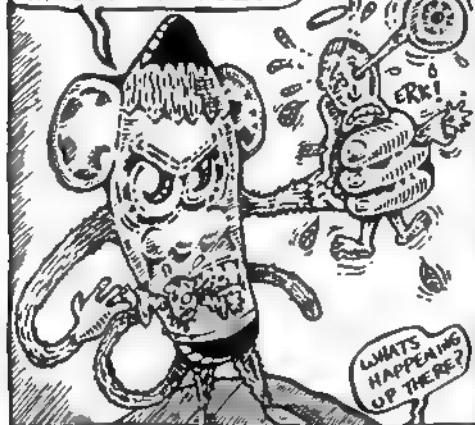
THAT'S RIGHT
NEALE, DRAW
WHAT YOU FEEL

NOT YOU
TWO,
AGAIN!

YES NEALE, YOU
DON'T WANT TO BE
DRAWING FOR
DISGUSTING FANZINES
LIKE THIS FOR THE
REST OF YOUR ENTIRE
LIFE!



FUCK-OFF! MY MAN DOESN'T NEED
THE LIKES OF YOU CONTAMINATING HIS
THOUGHT PROCESS.



LISTEN TO ME NEALEY-BOY, EATING
THE ANGELS OF YOUR CONSCIENCE
WILL KEEP YOU IN CREATIVE TROUBLE!!

BUT I'M A
FAMILY-MAN
NOW! LET ME
DRAW CUTE
ANTHROPOMORPHISM,
PLEASE!











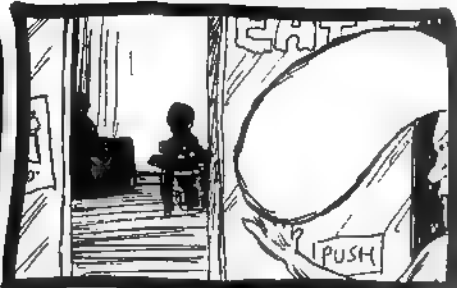
MY NAME IS CLIFF GRIMWOOD.



ALL WOMEN ARE THE SAME TO ME.
ALIVE OR DEAD. IT DOESN'T MATTER.



SHE WAS GOOD. FAIRLY TIGHT.
I DUMPED HER AND WENT OFF FOR A
BIGHT* TO EAT.



WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE,
SIR?

A HAMBURGER WITH THE
LOT, HONEY, AND DON'T
BE AFRAID TO
SCORCH
THAT
MEAT!!



CORRRRRR!! LOOK AT HER BEND
OVER THAT HOT PLATE!
SAUCY SLUT, EH MATE?

ERRR...

I WONDER WHAT
SHE'S DOING
AFTERWARDS?



LATER--

HERE YOU
ARE.

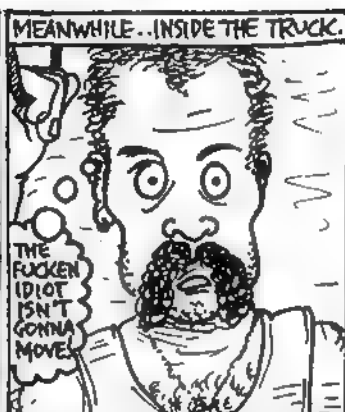
THANKS BABY!
SO WHAT TIME
DO YOU KNOCK
OFF?

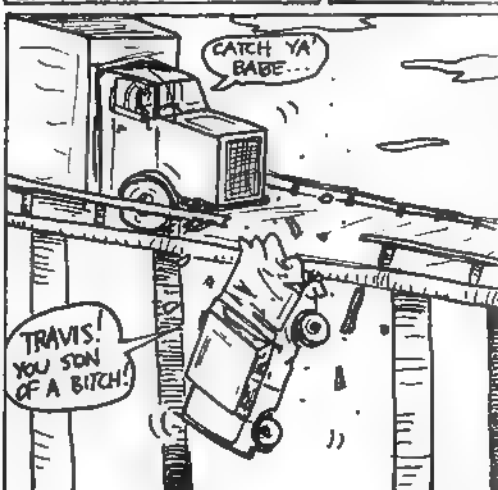
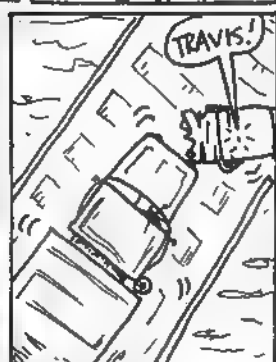
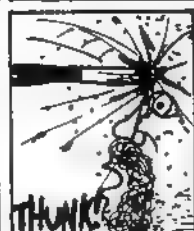
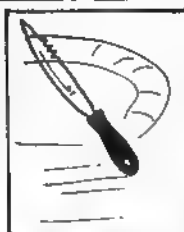


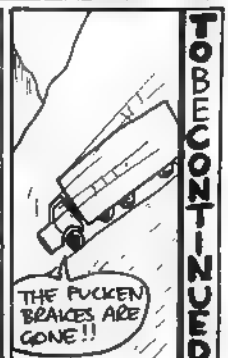
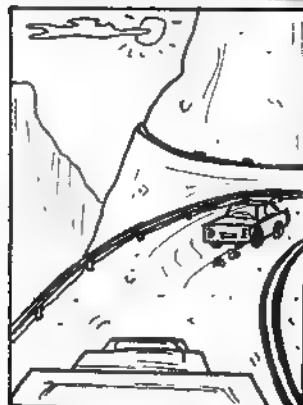
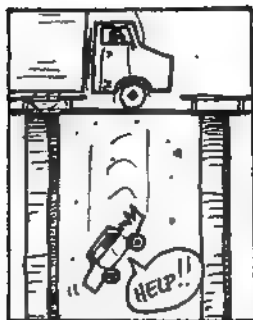
I KNOCK OFF AT ONE,
HANDSOME. ...WHAT
DID YOU HAVE IN MIND?

THEY'RE ALL SO
GULLIBLE! WELL
READERS, THIS IS
YOUR RESIDENT
LADIES MAN, SIGNING
OFF!!



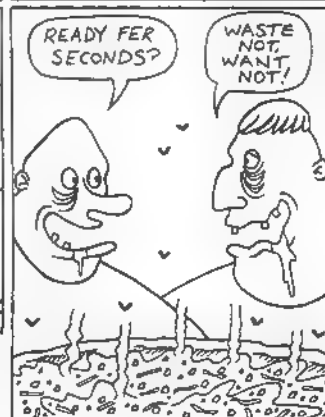
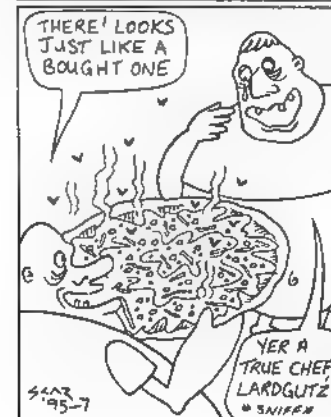
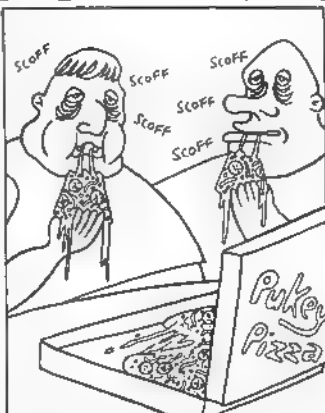








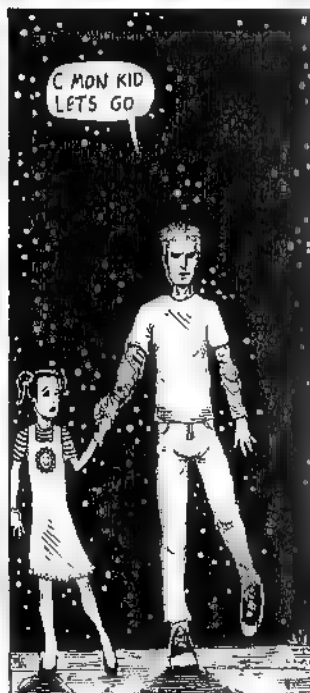
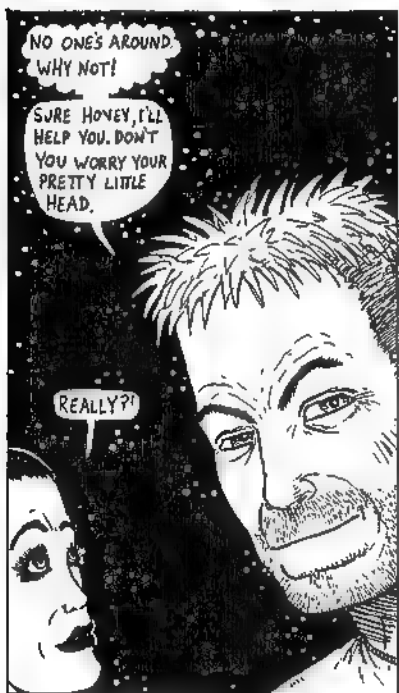
FARTSACK AND LARDGUTZ



STRANGER DANGER

BY RYAN
V=VA-
©1997

A PARTICULARLY WASTY DIRT ROAD
ON A PARTICULARLY DARK NIGHT



HEH, HEH! TRUSTING LITTLE THING.
I CAN'T BELIEVE MY LUCK. I'LL
GET A FORTUNE FOR HER
SWEET LOOKS MAYBE I
SHOULD HAVE A LITTLE
TASTE TO SEE JUST HOW
SWEET? MAM... HEY,
WHERE ARE WE GOING?!!



HEY KID, WAIT
UP! WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?
I'M SUPPOSED
TO BE HELPING
YOU FIND
YOUR WAY
HOME.



SHUT UP PUNY
MORTAL WORM!

?!



YOUR HUMAN WEAKNESS
TO THE ILLICIT PLEASURES
OF THE FLESH HAS
SEALED YOUR
FATE!



PREPARE TO LIVE OUT
YOUR REMAINING
FEW MOMENTS ON
THIS PLANET....







AND THE MORAL OF THE STORY IS:
FOR FUCK'S SAKE DON'T TALK
TO STRANGE LITTLE KIDS!!!

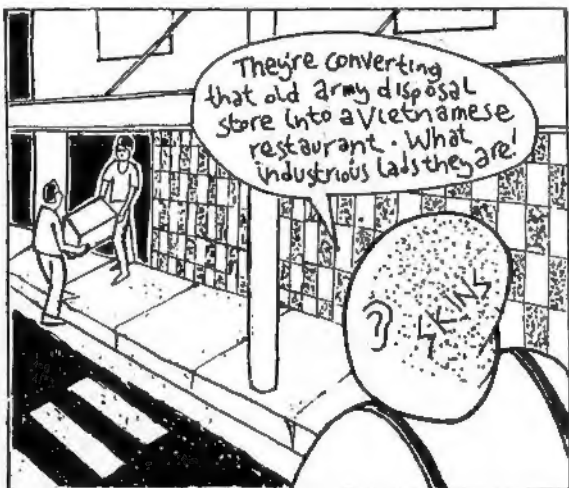
THE
END.

ERIC the confused SKIN- HEAD



Chris Miku 97

IT'S A FINE SUMMER MORNING AND ERIC IS
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO BEAT UP SEVERELY







HIYA BOYS!
IS MY FESTERING
MAGGOT-INFESTED
CORPSE TURNING YOU ON?
I HOPE SO. I'M LEAKING
BODILY FLUIDS JUST
THINKING ABOUT IT!
IT JUST GOES TO
SHOW THAT BEAUTY
IS ONLY...
...SKIN DEEP!

V=||A-